

Thus, thus we have carry'd the Jest on too far,  
Have paid all the Charge and Expence of the War,  
Yet ingratitude find for our Losses and Care;

*Which, &c.*

The *German's* Displeasure we've mourn'd by a Peace,  
And lost that great Title of *Mighty Allies*,  
Yet, thanks be to God, we've open'd our Eyes:

*Which, &c.*

We thought that the *Dutch* wou'd keep Touch to our Song,  
But they play'd on the *Low Party's* Viol so long,  
The Strings proving false, all the Consort was wrong.

*Which, &c.*

Thro' mighty Intreatance at last they squeez'd in,  
And t' enjoy a Peace their Alliance did join,  
Whilst the *Emperor's* thresht on the *Danube* and *Rhine*;

*Which, &c.*

This greatly disturb'd all the Factionous Train,  
Since all other Projects and Counsels were vain,  
And *John* their *Protector* cross'd over the Main.

*Which, &c.*

They still had a Prospect, if War had gone on,  
To Turn all the State and Prefer \* honest *John*,  
But their *Ministry* chang'd, and \* their *Captain's* forlorn.

*Which, &c.*

Thus, ashamed of their Guilt, with Envy and Hate  
They burn in revenge of their Downfall and Fate,  
But their Malice, and Int'rest, and Power's too late;

*Which, &c.*

Their secret Designs we have valu'd at nought;  
For PEACE to a general *Finis* is brought,  
And *Lewis* no more is our Enemy thought;

*Which, &c.*

With *France* open Trade and Commerce declare,  
Forgetting all Quarrels and Chances of War,  
Since Glory in Peace we shall equally share;

*Which, &c.*

Thus long we've endanger'd our Fortune and Blood,  
Yet where's the Ally which to their Text e're stood?

*Which, &c.*

Then Health, lasting Peace, and long Life to our QUEEN,  
The happy Succession of the Protestant Line,  
And all our Alliance in Union remain;

*Which, &c.*

Let Civil and Foreign Dissentions now cease,  
*Great Britain* in Glory and Riches encrease,  
Still enjoying the Fruits of a Glorious PEACE,

*Which no Body can deny, &c.*

# The Blue GARTER

*Dupl.*

*Order of the  
Appendix*

No more a sign of Honesty

Than a

Gilded B U S H

IS OF

Good W I N E.

**I**ngratitude being so common in the Age we at present live in, it's no wonder if Princes meet with the same usage that the Common People find, in being slighted by those on whom they bestow their most signal Favours. That such has been the Fate of Princes of late Days is so apparent, that there needs no farther proof but an Inspection into the Actions of some Great Men, to make it sufficiently plain and Evident: Nor has the greatest Honours could possibly be bestow'd by a Gracious Princess have the power to Bind some Persons to their steady Duty and Allegiance: Some of which have even crept into the most Honourable *Order of the Garter*; the Original of which take as follows:

In

THE BUREAU OF THE  
GARFIELD

more a sign of honesty

LEFT

1288

70. 21

take as follows:



IN Antient Times when *Britain's* Warlike Sons  
 Half of the Universe had over-run,  
 And ev'ry Year, with Conquest fraught,  
 Fresh Lawrels to their Monarch brought;  
 Each Fortunate Auspicious Day  
 New Victories did still display,  
 Conquest on *England* did seem to wait,  
 And Heav'n still to smil'd upon their happy State:  
 Nothing but Pleasure in the Court was found,  
 And Gaiety each blisful Moment crown'd,  
*Mars's* bold Sons still in the charming Fair  
 Met with complaisant, kind, obliging Air,  
 At their Mistresses Feet their Trophies laid,  
 Who all their Toils with pleasing Smiles repaid.

Thus *Cytherea* did on *Ida* meet  
 The God of War, and with soft Kisses greet  
 Her Love returning, soft'ning by her Charms  
 The dire Remembrance of War's harsh Alarms.  
 Around his Neck her folding Arms she flung,  
 And with uncommon Transport on him hung;  
 The tedious Hours she kindly did beguile,  
 Whilst the glad Hero did forget his Toil;  
 Securely on her downy Breast he laid  
 And Homage to her Sovereign Beauty paid.

Nor could their PRINCE escape Love's fatal Dart,  
 Brave tho' his Soul, yet tender was his Heart;  
 He who still got new Triumphs from the Field  
 At Home to Beauty's Power was forc'd to yield:  
 Love to his Heart an easie Passage found,  
 Sure was the Stroak, tho' pleasing was the Wound;  
 For Love does soonest generous Minds enslave,  
 The Vulgar scorns, but Captivates the Brave;  
 For whilst a Nymph with graceful Gesture mov'd,  
 He gaz'd, he saw, and seeing \* her, he lov'd.  
 The more he saw, the more he did admire,  
 Her ev'ry Action fann'd the raging Fire,  
 When on a sudden on the Ground he 'spied  
 An *Azure Ribbon*, which the Nymph had tied  
 Around her Leg; straight he with eager Joys  
 Seizes the welcome, tho' a worthless Prize.

\* Countess  
 of Salis-  
 bury.

The Nobles smil'd to see their Monarch stoop,  
 So small, so mean a Trifle to take up:  
 The Lady, conscious of the plain disgrace,  
 With crimson Blushes dy'd her beauteous Face;  
 When straight the \* Monarch cry'd, *Ile make this Thing*  
*A Present fitting for the greatest King,*  
*Heroic Souls it only shall adorn,*  
*And by the bravest Generals shall be worn.*

\* Edw. 3.

Nor was it giv'n but to the Sons of Fame  
 Who by desert purchas'd a glorious Name;

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